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THE

Art of BEAUVING:

IN

IMITATION

Of HORACE's

Art of POETRY.



THE
ART OF BEATING

IN

IMITATION



ART OF BEATING

THE

165

Art of BEAUVING:

IN

IMITATION

Of HORACE's

Art of POETRY.

ADDRES'D

To a Certain LORD.

BY

MARTINUS GULLIVERIANUS.

Risum teneatis Amici?

The Third Edition.

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M, DCC, XXX.

ALICE BEAULIEU

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TO
M A R T I N
 ON HIS
Art of Beaving.

*A SATYR, manag'd with an Art like thine,
 In which thy Genius with Roscommon's shine,
 May better claim the Drapier's artful Lays,
 To shew thy Merit, and inhance thy Praise :
 Mew'd in by College Walls — my Wings are clip'd,
 Nor once remember Helicon I sip'd ;
 Except you call our Pump-House by that Name,
 And common Water, a Poetick Stream,*

*Then, I confefs, I breath Parnaffus Air,
 And have drank many Bottles to my Share;
 Nor wonder, if thefe Feathers sprout anew,
 When they are prun'd by fuch a Friend as you.*

C. W.

January the
 13th. 1729-30.



THE



T H E
Art of *Beauing*, &c.



U P P O S E *Belinda* painted to a Hair,
With her own Face, but with a Neck
of Mare,
With Wings of ———,* and with a Tail
of Ling,

Who could help smiling at so odd a Thing ?
Such is, my Lord, the Figure of a *Beau*,
Toft out by Fancy, and Valet, for Shew ;
Which were it not for Powder, his Grimace
May well resemble, faith, a sick-Man's Case ;
Where Incoherence crowding thro' the Brain,
Declare to all Men that the Man's in Pain :
Not but that *Beaus* and *Poets* still are free
To use a vast Extent in Nicety.

* *Nymphae.*

For

For Instance *T*——e you'll find genteely drest,
 In a plain Jocky, and black Velvet Vest,
 With fierce Bob-Wig, and little Nab, cut down
 Most of your best drest Fops about the Town;
 Yet none from hence a colour'd Vest became,
 Without the out ward Coat was all the same.

A Distant *Beau* will promise mighty Things,
 Behold, approach'd his Laces turn to Strings,
 And what we judg'd a Col'nel at first Sight,
 Is metamorphos'd to a *Rainbow Knight*. *
 A Miller's Nab upon a Campaign Wig,
 Or Cambrick Shirt upon a Suit of Rig,
 Strikes every bit as bad a Stroke as he
 That would Design a Storm, but draws a Tree.
 When you strut in with so much Pomp and Shew,
 Why in the End can't you appear a *Beau*?
 Be what you will, so you be still the same,
 And I'll engage my Life you purchase Fame.
 By what I find, the grandest Part of *Beaus*,
 For Truth of Drests are couzen'd by its Shews,
 This would wear Ruffles not half Finger deep,
 That wear them so, that scarce a Nail should peep.
 Some think it Art to change the self same Hat,
 To wear it monstrous large, or monstrous squat;
 For Drests is now to that Perfection grown,
 That, few but have some Fashion of their own.

My Man, *John Tom*, as far as a *Beau-Strut*,
 Would give pehaps a tolerable *Cut*;

* *Aliter*, a Foot-man.

But farther, Sir, he begs to be excus'd,
 'Tis not his Trade, and you must be refus'd.
 What is there more ridiculous for me,
 Than aping that I was not born to be?
Beaus ought to see first what became them best,
 And as they fancy, so I'd have them dress'd:
 After a serious and judicious Choice,
 They cannot fail to have the publick Voice.

Sir *John* must also take the greatest Care,
 When he's *toft out*, the modish Time to *swear*:
Oaths must be chosen, and a *careless Gate*;
 Now let alone——now thunder'd out in State.
Gad d——n me, Sir, swore with unthinking Face,
 May *cut down* fifty in a proper Place.

Be cautious also how you change the Mode,
 Depart but seldom from the common Road;
 Yet though you be particular a while,
 If Fancy like it, all again will smile;
 Soon will they follow Fashions they despis'd,
 Now grown familiar——yet to have them priz'd,
 You must derive them from some ancient *Beau*,
 That blaz'd in former Ages, long ago,
 Some *French Coupee*, that found out what would please
 The modish Sparks, and Moderns of his Days.
 Now, if in this 'tis given on my Side,
 Why should your grave Philosophers deride?
 If *Tom* is happy in an *easy Gate*,
 Or *sudden Laugh*—should therefore *Puppies* prate,
 When for *Bellair*, even *Florio*, by this Light,
 Have been a Means of making Youth polite.

Beaus ever did, and will, I may engage,
 Discourse like *pretty Fellows* of the Age:
 Words are as Leaves, in *Autumn* disappear,
 And strait a newer come again next Year:
 All things turn out, I fancy, by the L——d,
 When Death's commanding Officer a-board.
 Who would have thought to drink a Dish of Tea
 Where Chairs and Coaches now choak up the Way? †
 Or who could think to lose a Quarter's Note
 Where grisly *Charon* often row'd his Boat: *
 Yet this and they, and all will be forgot,
 Why then should not *dull Fashions* go to pot?
 And him, most certain, I'd conclude a Fool,
 Who'd fix those Things where *Fancy* is the Rule.

An *Officer* first taught the World to swear,
 From whence we got that pretty modern Air;
 And *Mourning*, *Tom* will have it first design'd,
 To shew the inward Colour of the Mind;
 But now we wear it for this Cause, I think,
 To shew our Friends have left behind some *Chink*;
 Yet, as to who invented *Mourning Cloaths*
 Is undecided by our modern *Beaus*.
 A *Spaniard* brought your Rapiers into Vogue,
 And we, in Barter, gave our *Irish Brogue*;
 With this, upon your *Sawcy Sparks* we draw,
 That, and few Oaths will keep the House in awe.
 Then to the Tavern for a hearty Glass,
 Chat with a Friend, or kiss a pretty Lass;

† *Lucas's.*
Coffee house.

* *Groom-Porter's.*

(5)

There it is proper to roar out a Song,
 Let it be dull or witty, short or long :
 No matter how, so *Puppy's* not uncivil,
 He might be there as noisy as the D——l.
 Why is he honour'd with the Name of *Beau*,
 That neither would, or does one Fashion know ;
 And chuses to be ignorantly gay,
 Rather than own he wears an old *Tupee* ?
 Let Things, for God's sake, have their proper Place,
 And wear no *Tie-Wigs* on a *Weasle-Face*.

Swear not so often when a Lady's by,
 Nor talk of Smut, or very roguishly ;
 Yet in some Company a Joke will hit,
 And pass upon the Company for Wit ;
 Nay, e'en your Clergy will begin sometimes,
 In shrewd *Entenders*, and licentious Rhymes ;
 And if the Cloth was off, I know it true,
 Would speak, themselves, as movingly as you,
 He that would be a *pretty Fellow* now,
 Must learn to Cringe, Laugh, Ogle, Sing and Bow ;
 Must raise Desires to what Pitch he will,
 And that *dear Man* will seldom fail to kill.
 If I'm at Church, and am inclin'd to pray,
 That horrid Creature's always in the Way :
 First he begins to stare me in the Eyes ;
 Plays with his Breast till mine begins to rise ;
 But if he ogles ill, I sleep, or laugh
 Behind my Fan, or give a sudden Cough.
 Your Looks must always alter with your Stile,
 Or else the Labour's hardly worth your while ;

For Nature forms and softens us within,
 And without Nature what is worth a Pin ?
 Pleasure enchants, Extaticks will transport,
 And thus it is with *M*—— and *D*——.

But he whose Face and Language disagree,
 Might as well go and hang himself, I see ;
 For 'tis absurd to think that Man can pass
 For any thing but for a silly Ass.

Observe the Character you would maintain,
 Of Lord or Bishop, private Man or Dean,
 But always talk that individual Strain. }
 If you design to turn out for a *Beau*,
 Then let us see it in a tearing Shew :
 If you think fit to be a Bully-hec,
 Then bully it, and never value Neck :
 If Widow-hunting is Sir *John's* Delight,
 Let him be chairing it all Day and Night :
 And here you must not, to revive a Suit,
 Tell some damn'd Lie, incredible to boot ;
 No, if you ha'n't a Story ready coin'd,
 Let it be from some well-known Tale purloin'd,
 Disguis'd and probable, at least, what's told,
 Nor Word for Word, though it is monstrous old ;
 So well improv'd, that it your Suit secures,
 And then with Reason it may pass for yours.

Begin not as a Friend of mine begun,
G—d—n me, Madam, I am such a one.
 In what did all this Ostentation end ?
 Why, it came out at last,——he had no Friend

But

(7)

But her (alive) with whom he could trespass*
 To fill his Belly, hungry as it was.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, How far is this from me!
 Who bluntly told my Mistress——thus, you see,
I have not quite, faith, forty Pounds a Year
Till Dadda dies, nor then it self, I fear :
Such as it is, you're welcome to my Heart ;
If not——no Harm is done——and we may part.
 How different these Courtiers Stiles appear!
 One ends in nought, — *That forty Pounds a Year :*
 One seems to promise *Flambeaux* at first Sight,
 The other's one continu'd Stream of Light :
 Short and concise in ev'ry Word he'll say,
 And steals her Soul insensibly away.

Now, if you'd make the same Impression, mark
 That ev'ry thing be suitable, *young Spark :*
 If young, take care of your old-fashion'd Things,
 Of monstrous Hats, and wearing large Seal-Rings :
 If old, how well a Cue and and Suit of Lace
 Become *long Spindles* and a *Leathern Face ;*
 Thus Youth must not appear in Form of Age,
 Nor Years appear less otherwise than sage ;
 For whatsoever contradicts my Sense
 I must abhor, though at my Friend's Expence.

Never presume to make a God appear,
 But when there's Reason for to *curse* and *swear ;*
 Nor should you *laugh* but when your Jest's are dull,
 And then a Chorus act it to the full :

* *A-la-mode de France.*

What Humour wants a Chorus should supply,
 And that will make them witty presently ;
 For 'tis surprizing, how a Chorus-Laugh
 Will turn a Wizard to a very Calf.

A *Perriwig* our Ancestors first wore,
 Nor dreamt of *Tye-Wigs*, with one Leg before ;
 But when our *Beaus*, Sir, travel'd into *France*,
 Thy learn'd Behaviour, Dress, and how to Dance ;
 Then came rich Cloaths, and graceful Action in ;
 Then Balls were giv'n, and Methods taught to win :
 Then 'twas no Treason, even in the Dark,
 To hear, nay suffer something from a *Spark* ;
 For they diverted Ladies with such Truth,
 As could be scarce expected from their Youth.

The first of these soon found a Temper sage
 Too grave for that uncultivated Age ;
 And so an odd unthinking Air brought in,
 Not rude to Virtue, nor morose to Sin ;
 But yet so passive as 'twas softly brave
 As oft as Decency would give it leave ;
 Because the Ladies, with the Musick fir'd,
 Lov'd to be press'd to what themselves desir'd.
 But then they did not wrong themselves so far,
 To call a *Trull*, or *Kitchen Maid* their Dear,
 Descend to a Mechanick Stile indeed,
 To gain a Favour from my Lady's Maid :
 No ! nor such servile Courtship for to shun,
 Conclude my Lady — may be won :
 For Gentlemen should blush as much to sloop,
 To ask a Chamber Maid without a Hoop,

As a grave Matron walking would be seen,
 With Women of the Town on *Stephen's Green* ;
 Nor must you think that this diverting Stile,
 Allow of Scandal, or Affronts the while ;
 Or to ingratiate your self with her,
 To soil another Lady's Character :
 No ! first with Truth begin your Comick Tale,
 And let Invention now and then prevail,
 To polish Circumstances here and there,
 Which might attract the list'ning Fair-ones Ear.
 If 'tis facetious, and run thro' with Ease,
 Perhaps *Bob Short* may strive this Way to please,
 Nor without Pains be undeceiv'd, I sing,
 So much the Manner may improve the Thing.
 A Monster hurry'd from the School to Town,
 Cannot expect at once, to *knock us down* ;
 And tho' his Conversation we dislike,
 It must not be obscene, or boarish like,
 The better Sort Scurrility abhor,
 And he'll be censur'd for a Country Cur.
 Yet if these *Gothick Monsters Schollars* are,
Dublin's too forward to protect them here :
 But Gods ! to mind no earthly Thing but that,
 In hopes the World will pardon *what is what*,
 Is such a rash — But I forgot, *God knows*,
 That I am writing to no Men but *Beaus*.

Read Men, as well as Books, by Women bright ;
 Read them all Day, and dream of them all Night :
 But Bully *Plautus* was too much esteem'd,
 And e'en his Rudeness then, Politeness deem'd.

When

When *Theſpis* from the Tavern reel'd away,
 With *Boon Companions* at the Break of Day,
 Their ghafly Faces, pale with Fumes of Wine,
 Frighted the Children where they came to dine :
 Rude were their Actions, dull was every Joke,
 And you might trace them by the Windows broke.
 This *Æſchilus* with Indignation ſaw,
 And built a *Round-Houſe* to keep *Rakes* in awe,
 Brought *Watch-Bills* in, and by thoſe prudent Means,
 Stopt Devaſtations cauſ'd by *Swords* and *Canes*.
 Next *Cavan Bail* appear'd, with grand Applauſe,
 'Til their Licentiouſneſs abus'd the Laws ;
 Then it was Time to put thoſe Laws in force,
 And to ſuppreſs their Insolence of Courſe :
Ergo our *Government*, and *Men of Fire*,
 Deſerve ſuch Praise as Patriots ſhould deſire.

Nor ſhould we be leſs infamous, I gueſs,
 For our Victorious Arms than for our *Dreſs*,
 But that it is ſo tireſome, I ſuppoſe,
 We cannot bear to be *Eternal Beaus*.
Democritus his own dear Perſon lov'd,
 And ſcorn'd to have it once by Art improv'd :
 He Thought none *Beaus* that Nature made not ſo,
 And this has made ten Slovens for one *Beau* :
 For ſome there are that think themſelves too fine,
 In any Habit whatſoe'er, to ſhine.

O my unlucky Stars — did I not live
 A little faſter than my Purſe would give,
 None would have *daſh'd* with ſuch Succeſs, I ſay't,
 But reſt, I muſt now, ſatisfy'd with Fate,

And

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 And only serve to raise the Love of Fame,
 To which I willingly resign my Claim.
 Yet without *Beauing*, I may teach to *Beau*,
 Tell you his Duty, Ornaments, or so;
 When he's to hand a Lady from her Coach;
 How to Receive a Friend at his Approach.
 If *Puppy* tends the *Kettle*, (as in *France*
 Some of your Courtiers will, in Complaisance)
 How for to do it the politest Way,
 Or help a Lady to a *Dish* of *Tea*.
 These, and the such like Galantries in Life,
 May help a Person to a *Pretty Wife*.

Oft have I known a Man, by Complaisance,
 Win on a Lady's Heart, and more advance
 In one Day's time, than *Florio's* pretty Face
 In a whole Month, with nothing but Grimace.

Frank had a Genius aptly turn'd and gay,
 Our *Irish* Youth are bread another Way:
 If the *Glad Father* can but get his Son
 To multiply, with Ease, his one and one,
 That's all his Wish, his utmost of Desire,
 And *Dadda* glories to be term'd a Sire.
 Can Men like these, devoted thus to Rust,
 Think e'er to soar above their native Dust,
 Or once expect to have a Turn of Thought
 Above their Ancestors, for Ages sought?
 No! You, my Lord, that understands a *Beau*,
 Will not commend the Fop or Man of Shew;
 I dare say none your Lordship will commend,
 But the firm Soul, the Gentleman and Friend.

Beaus practice should, and give themselves the Way
 To speak succinct, and tolerably gay,
 Easy as clear, insensible tho' long,
 Smooth without Flatness, without Bombast strong ;
 For Superfluities are soon forgot,
 And *Beaus* talk Nonsense when their Brains are hot.

Never be so conceited for to think
 You can persuade us by a D——n and S——k,
 Or bring in Ladies by the Head and Ears,
 That to my Knowledge are defunct those Years.
 Obscenity Old Age can never bear,
 And Youth will shun what ever is austere ;
 Yet he that has the Happiness to please
 Both Young and Old, will flourish all his Days,
 This is the Youth that gains the Daughter's Heart,
 And with her Parents plays away his Part ;
 And this is he that will a Fortune get,
 If it is possible for human Wit.

Yet be not, Sir, too rigidly severe,
 If in this Tune my Gentleman should err ;
 A String may jarr, *Dubourg* is not to blame,
 And the most skilful Archer miss his Aim.
 But where a *Puppy* has been told by Friends,
 Here you went wrong, Sir *James* — and never mends,
 But still persists to throw away his *Chink*,
 He's as impertinently mad, I think,
 As *Tom* the Cat-Gut Scraper, that will play,
 And never minds one Syllable we say.

If there be such abandon'd Impudence,
That stumbles sometimes on a *Girl of Sense*,
I stand amaz'd, and fret within to see
The *Black-Guard* plac'd in such good Company;
Yet where one has too many on his Hand,
He can't expect that all of them will stand;
Philander's self has fail'd in some 'tis said,
Tho' none knew better how to gain a Maid.

*Beaus are like Pictures, most of them appear
Some better at a Distance, others near;
Some love the Dark, some walk in broad Day-Light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing Sight;
Some please for once, some will for ever please,
And all is Humor that the Puppy says.*

But you, my *Lord*, Experience tells you so,
Remember this for certain, that a *Beau*
Admits no Medium, he must always be
Bound up in *Folio*, or *Epitome*.
A Counsellor of tolerable Sense
May want Judge *Barnard's* pow'rful Eloquence,
Or be less read than *Lord Chief Justice Hale*;
Yet this indifferent *Lawyer* may prevail;
But no Authority, that I can see,
Allows of any Mean in *Foppery*.

As a bad *Consort*, and a course *Perfume*,
Disgrace the Neatness of a *Dining-Room*,
And might, with more Discretion, have been spar'd,
So *Beaus*, whose End is only bare Regard,

Admit of no Degrees, but must be still
Toft out in fuch a Manner as to kill.

In other Things, Men have fome Reason left,
And one that cannot *dance* may turn to *Theft* ;
Defpairing of Succefs, forbear that Way,
And fo divert the Mob another Day, *
But all without Confideration *beau*,
And Think that *Lace* has Pow'r to dub them fo :
But you, my *Lord*, is of too fine a Taft
To relifh *Florio* in the *Scarlet Beaf*.

Old Mafter *Orpheus* kept a Dancing-School,
Nor taught, as fome will have it, *Bears* by Rule,
But Man, as lawlefs and as wild a Thing,
And firft difwad'd him from *Duelling*.
Thus was *Amphion* feign'd, by Comick Tunes,
To make Stone-Walls dance to his Rigadoons :
And *Fidlers* by Traditions, hence I find,
To be the earlieft Tutors of Mankind.
Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtaus's* Martial Lays
Gave to their Hero's what great End they pleafe.

Some think a *Courtier* may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain that Nature wins the Heart :
I neither fee what Art without a Vein,
Or Wit, without the Help of Art, can gain.
He that intends a Voyage to the *D—l*,
Muft ufe himfelf not to be over civil,
Drink like *Old Nick* he muft, nor be debarr'd
A Neighbour's Wife, 'til his tan'd Buff grows hard :

* *At the Gallows.*

My

My *Rake* must learn to bear the *Sulphur-Smell*
Before he trades upon the Coast of *H—ll*.

But all your little whoring Youngsters now,
Swell with vain Praises, which themselves allow,
And taking Sanctuary in the Crowd,
Brag of their Life and Impudence aloud.
A wealthy *Rake* will take more Pains to treat
A flattering Audience, than they shall to eat.
'Tis hard to find a right good-natur'd *Beau*,
That can distinguish between Friend and Foe.
And ne'er delude your self to tell a Tale
Before those Men you treat with *M—h* and *A—e*;
For they, be sure, will praise it without Laughter,
Tho' 'mong themselves they flout at you just after.
True Friends, like Men that really grieve, appear
Less mov'd, altho' it cost them not a Tear.

Wife were the Kings who never lov'd a Soul
'Til they unmask'd it with the honest Bowl :
Nor can you arm your self with too much Care
Against the Wiles of them that speak you fair.
If *M—*'s Advice is ask'd by any Friend,
M— freely tells them how, and what to mend :
If they persist, — *M—* will not strive to move,
A Passion so delightful as self Love.
The prudent Care of such a Friend as this
Will give you Notice when you speak amiss ;
Will make a strict Enquiry all around
What People say, — and where a Fault is found ;
Will task you privately, nor fear to blame
A Friend in Fault, when he confesses the same.

These

These Things which now seem Trifles, and design'd,
Will be of serious Consequence you'll find,
When they have turn'd you once to Ridicule,
And you become a pointed common Fool.
A mad Dog's Foam, the Plagues and Punishment,
Which angry Powers on poor Mortals sent,
You are not sure more carefully to shun
Than Rake-hells, when their *Drinking Bouts* are done.
On those the *Mob* and *Black-Guard* build a Sconce,
But dreaded and proscrib'd by Men of Sense.
If in the Raving of a *drunken Fit*,
Any of these should fall into a Pit,
There he might roar and burst his Lungs for Help,
None would assist, or pity once the *Whelp*;
But really think he purposely fell in,
To snore and wallow with his *Brother Swine*.

Hear how an old *Sicillian Rake-hell* dy'd,
Who thought, I fancy, to be deify'd,
Empedocles, you must have known the *Squire*,
A cold young Spark, that wanted *Winter-Fire*;
He had been c——pt, Sir, sev'ral Times before,
But met his Fate at last in one pox'd Whore:
There let him stew, for were my *Duke* alive,
The same old Trade *Empedocles* would drive.

Leave, Leave for *Beaus* to make themselves away,
It is a Sin to hinder them, I say,
Why should it be a greater Crime to kill,
Than to keep Men alive against their Will?

'Tis hard to say for what Unrighteousness
The *Drunken Fiends* their thirsty Souls possess ;
But they are all most visibly, *I swear*,
And like a wild and broke-loose baited *Bear*,
Without Distinction, seize on all they meet ;
None e'er escape that find them in the *Street* ;
Like *Leeches* stick unto the *Flask of Red*,
And never leave till they have *drank Men dead*.

F I N I S



9

'Tis hard to say for what Unrighteousness
The Drunken Friends their filthy Souls pollute;
For they are all most vile, I swear;
And like a wild and broke-hoole belied Bear,
Without Distinction, lay on all they meet;
None or else he that lies in the Street;
Like Leeches sucking the Blood of the Poor,
And never leave till they have drunk Man's blood.



F I N I S

